

SPY IS NEUTRAL; SELLS TO BOTH

Nimble Swiss Gets French and German Money, but Lands in Prison.

IS CONVICTED WITH OTHERS

Republic Anxious to Keep Out of Trouble, but is Nest of Plotters—Espionage Trials Daily Occurrence.

Berne—A remarkable spying feat was executed by a Swiss citizen named Luginbuhl. He succeeded in getting paid from both sides, the French as well as the Germans, receiving profitable favors from both, and finally landed in the meshes of Swiss law. Luginbuhl was one of twenty-one defendants in a celebrated espionage case just concluded in a local court. With one exception all were found guilty, including Luginbuhl. Sentence was deferred.

Luginbuhl was anxious to buy wool waste in France. He wanted to sell it in Germany where he could get an immense price for it. To get the wool out of France Luginbuhl had to obtain permission from the French authorities. He got into touch with French agents and spies doing business in Switzerland, who afterward were his codefendants in the trial, and upon his promise that he would make a trip into Germany, find out certain things the French spies were anxious to know and report back, he would obtain permission to take the wool out of France. To sell the wool in Germany Lugin-

buhl made his trip into the Kaiser's domain, as promised, but he did more than he had promised. He told German officials all about the deal he had made with the French spies, whereupon the Germans were kind enough to write a report which Luginbuhl took back to Switzerland and handed over to his French friends, who paid him \$800 for it. Luginbuhl at that time already had in his pocket the handsome profit he had made on the sale of French wool in Germany. What the Germans had paid him for double-crossing the French was not disclosed during the trial.

It took eight days to try the case. Mougeot, a French officer, was the principal defendant in absentia. He had escaped before he could be arrested. The judge in pronouncing the verdict of guilty said Mougeot had broken the word of honor given by an officer when he escaped from a hospital. He was found guilty of having organized the French spy system in Switzerland. He hired German deserters to tell him all they knew. All this was, however, only a minor offense, according to Swiss law.

Had Many Activities. His principal crime was treason committed against the Swiss republic. He observed the movement of Swiss

troops near the French border and kept the French army command posted about them. He hired men to watch the transportation of cattle. He tried to poison cattle in railroad trains by putting poison in the cars. He organized a conspiracy to foment a strike in the aluminum works at Chippis, which were sending goods to Germany, and tried to destroy the electrical plant at Woodshut.

Three of his tools were Frenchmen, who also succeeded in eluding the Swiss law. It was discovered at the trial that these men made it their business to buy factories that were selling to Germany. They bought the factories with French money and made an immense profit for themselves by the transaction.

The most prominent of the Swiss defendants was Dr. Ernest Stein, a lawyer. Revelations disclosing his activities created a sensation in all Switzerland. The court condemned him severely. Among the other defendants were a Swiss army sergeant and an army policeman. Both were found guilty of taking French money for furnishing information about army movements.

The whole of Switzerland seems to be a hotbed of spies. Espionage trials are going on almost continuously in many of the cities. Germans, Austrians and Italians are implicated as well as the Swiss themselves. The public is usually excited from these trials because Switzerland wants to avoid as much as possible being drawn into the ramifications of a system which might jeopardize the neutrality of the republic.

RABBITS HELP HOMESICKNESS

Play Important Role in Making Repatriates Contented in Strange Surroundings.

RED CROSS IS CHIEF AID

Cares for Friendless and Homeless People Whom Germany Dumps Back From the Captured French Hamlets.

Bourz, France—All repatriates are homeless, but some have friends in France who take them in. Those who are friendless as well as homeless when Germany dumps them back from the captured French hamlets are sent, according to the plans of the ministry of the interior, so many to this department, so many to that; and the departments divide them among the villages, two families here, three there.

All over the west and south of France you find them, these people lodged with a love of their own friends which the nomadic American can never understand, torn up suddenly by the roots and transplanted to an utterly strange community, without anything in the world but a little language they can carry and the franc and a half a day allowed by the French government. The father of the family is dead, or missing, or a prisoner, or at the front. The daughters and the sons who could work are still in Germany. Those in France were sent back because they were too old, too weak or too young to work—useless mouths to the Germans. They are the repatriate problem in which our Red Cross is lending a hand.

Care for Repatriates. The department of the Ain is typical. Bourz, its principal city, lies near enough to the Swiss border so that when six hundred people were expected, the Red Cross delegates could go to Evian and journey back with the convoys.

When the delegates met the repatriates on the train, they gave them an order which assured to each family a little of the coal which was so precious in France in cold weather. A printed letter stated that the Americans knew their sufferings and sympathized with them and would help supply them with garden tools and furniture and to get work for them.

Reducing housekeeping to its very lowest terms, the American Red Cross delegates decided that each family must have beds enough for everybody, a table, a chair, a stove, something to hold water and something to

cook in (there is a wonderful French proverb called a "faitout," in which you can pretty nearly make everything), a fork, a spoon, a plate, a knife and one knife for the family. These furnishings are sent to the poorest families. Those who can pay, buy furniture on a subsidized installment plan; \$1.25 down and small payments according to income every two weeks until two-thirds of the cost price is reached, when the furniture becomes their own.

The delegates may be able to cure the physical needs of the refugees, but they have to contend always with the terrible homesickness of an uprooted people. More than anything else in the world, these homeless people want to return to their own friends; and for the time being, that is tragically impossible. They must be made as contented as possible in their new communities. Furniture offers one means, gardens another, rabbits a third. Many of the people have been farmers on a small scale so that a few feet of ground on which to raise soup vegetables or potatoes makes them inordinately happy. The village furnishes the garden and the Red Cross supplies tools and often seeds.

But rabbits are the crowning glory. They represent almost the only form of meat these people ever have; they can be kept in very small quarters, fed on grass gathered by the children; and they multiply with pleasing rapidity. Where it seems that a rabbit will be specially appreciated, the delegate gives money enough to buy it to the mayor of the village and asks him to do the purchasing.

So it goes. Sometimes the gifts of a spade or a hoe or some wool or stockings; sometimes hundreds of kilos of potatoes sent to a mayor to distribute for the spring planting; dozens of blankets to cover the people when they first arrive and are housed of necessity in schoolhouses or town halls hastily converted into temporary barracks.

ADOPT ONE ORPHAN A MONTH

Wealthy Couple Will Continue Practice Until France is Able to Care for Own.

Los Angeles—An orphan a month until the war is over is the plan recently adopted by Mr. and Mrs. William Doran of the fashionable Wilshire boulevard here. They have already become godparents to ten tiny mites of French humanity and will continue the habit once a month until France is able to care for its war orphans unaided.

the accidental discharge of a gun aboard a transport.

Price came here several years ago, ill and penniless. Mrs. Mellet took him to her home, nursed and cared for him until he was well, and then helped him secure a job. Assigning of his war risk insurance to her was the only way he could show his gratitude, he told her, just before leaving.

"WOPS," "BOHUNKS," ETC., BANNED

Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.—"Wops," "dagoes," "bohunks" and similar names may not hereafter be applied to non-English-speaking soldiers at Camp Gordon. General Sage has issued an order requiring soldiers and officers to so conduct themselves toward non-English-speaking soldiers that no prejudice, antipathies or humiliations may arise.

COOD SAMARITAN IS REPAYED

Woman Who Befriended Soldier Receives \$10,000 Insurance When Man Is Killed.

Nevada, Mo.—Mrs. S. H. Mellet, owner of a small home bakery here, has received word from the war department she will receive \$10,000 insurance on the life of Thomas H. Price, a soldier who recently died from

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

GOOD-BY, JOHN BARLEYCORN. Knocked to the cradle of the deep. They put King House away to sleep; Beneath the waves, the water women over his grave. His reign on earth was long and sweet, They called him in his winding sheet; His red complexion soon will fade, The earth is full of graves he made. The bar is closed for loss of trade, Old Barleycorn is in the shade. His end-eyed vendors look amazed, They're standing round the corner dazed; For father's week-end cash, hard-earned, To desert channels now is turned. And mother's glad to hear the news, The kiddies get new boots and shoes; They now can travel wide and far, No mourning on the motor car. —Kenna H. Chase, in B. of L. F. and E. Magazine.

LABOR PAYS THE TAXES.

The statement made by the brewers that national prohibition "would produce anger, resentment and dissatisfaction among millions of American workers" was forcefully disposed of by Senator Jones of Washington in the amendment debate in the United States senate. He said:

"It is a base libel upon American workmen. They are as loyal and patriotic a class as we have. They will make the greatest sacrifices for their country, and surely they will resent this base slander. Labor protests against its unjust burdens. It complains of the smallness of its share of the proceeds of its toil, but does it realize how it is being used to its own detriment by the liquor traffic? Does it realize that the liquor interests are seeking to place upon it a tremendous tax burden for the years to come? They pay to the government two or three hundred millions in taxes. From whom does this come? Not from the pockets of the saloon man, the brewer, or distiller, but largely from the pockets of the laborer. What do the liquor interests propose to do now? They unanimously accept an increase in their taxes. They say they will cheerfully pay four or five hundred millions in taxes to the government. Where will they get this amount? From the laborer. Of course they are glad to pay if some one will put up the money. How does labor like this cheerful imposition of two or three hundred millions additional taxes upon its earnings?"

ACCIDENTS AND DRINK.

Sixty-five business firms of New York have joined in publishing large advertisements in a campaign against death and disability by accidents. One of those advertisements is devoted entirely to the liquor question. Included among the business houses are the Erie railroad, the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, the American Clock company, the Savage Arms company, Thomas A. Edison, the American Cat and Furniture company, and others equally conspicuous. This ad devoted to accidents and their relationship to alcohol says:

"KEEP YOUR FOOT OFF THE RAILROAD RAIL—AND KEEP YOUR NAME OFF THIS ACCIDENT LIST. "SPEND YOUR TIME OUT OF SALOONS—AND YOU WON'T SPEND TIME IN A HOSPITAL. "YOU CAN'T HAVE A CLEAR HEAD AND CLEAR EYES—YOU CAN'T HAVE THE STEADY HANDS AND FEET YOU NEED IF YOU TAKE JUST ONE (1) DRINK BEFORE OR AFTER WORK. "ONE MORE DRINK OFTEN MEANS ONE MAN LESS; THREE MORE, QUIT NOW—OR YOU MAY HAVE TO QUIT LATER."

A STRUGGLE ALL UNNECESSARY.

"The great load of misgiving in the mother's heart when her boy leaves home to make his own way in the world," says Mr. Bryan, "would give way to joyous hope were the saloon removed from the path that he must tread—if he could go into the world with no danger of temptation from this menace to mind, morals and life. "The most pathetic struggle this world knows is not the struggle between armed men upon the battlefields; it is the struggle of a mother to save her child from the traps men set for it."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

News Item: Horst Brothers, owners of the largest hops yard in the world, located two miles north of Independence, Ore., lately announced that their hop-drying plants would be converted into a vegetable evaporating plant, and that 400 acres of their ranch would be leased for the purpose of raising vegetables to supply their evaporator. It is also proposed to contract for the crop of other acreage in this section. There is a possibility that the evaporating plant will be moved into Independence, business men having offered to donate the site.

MERELY READJUSTMENT.

Who will make up the revenue lost through national prohibition? It will come from the same place that it comes from now, out of the pockets of the people. In the final analysis, labor pays it all. The abolition of the liquor traffic as a revenue collector will, of course, make necessary a readjustment of taxation. Congress is finding out a great many methods of raising money for war purposes.

"A thinking world cannot long remain a drinking world."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SWIMMING PARTY.

"Now the Every-Day-Is-Nice club hadn't had any special celebration for a long time," commenced Daddy, "and Peter Gnome thought it was high time to have one."

"You know Peter Gnome started a club which he called the Every-Day-Is-Nice club, for all the members promised to enjoy every day, never grumbling about the weather, which of course they couldn't control."

"And it was surprising how every day seemed nice to them after this club had been well started. They had had parties in the snow, rainy-day parties, snow parties, and in the summer all sorts of delightful out-of-door good times."

But they hadn't had a regular celebration for a long, long time.

"How about a party for the Every-Day-Is-Nice club this afternoon?" asked Peter Gnome.

"He was talking to Billie Brownie. They hadn't seen each other in a long time, so as usual, they hugged each other so hard that each fell down, and all the other brownies and gnomes laughed heartily."

"What sort of a party would you suggest, Peter Gnome?" asked Billie Brownie.

"Well, as it's hot, mighty hot, and as the water is cool, mighty cool, I think a swimming party would be as nice as any."

"Fine!" shouted all the brownies and gnomes.

"Shall we call together all the other members of the club?" asked Billie Brownie.

"By all means," said Billie.

"I'll get Mr. Giant to call out to them with his great and powerful bangle."

"So Billie Brownie went off to Mr. Giant's cave. Mr. Giant was sitting by the door of his cave, fanning himself with a branch of a pine tree.

"Hot day," he said.

"Yes, it's a hot day," agreed Billie Brownie.

"It's nice, though," said Mr. Giant. "I enjoy a hot day when I have the cooling breezes of my beautiful pine fan. The fairy queen gave me that."

"And Dive Off into the Water."

fan last Christmas. She said to me that I wouldn't be able to use it in the winter, of course, but that it would be most useful to have when the summer came, and as it was often a good plan to think ahead and have things ready in plenty of time, she would give it to me along with the new winter mittens she gave me."

"It's a wonderful fan," said Billie Brownie.

"I'll fan you a little," said Mr. Giant. "But as soon as he started to fan Billie Brownie, poor Billie Brownie fell over, for to him it was like a great blast of wind. He was so much smaller than Mr. Giant."

"I'm so sorry," said Mr. Giant. "I beg your pardon. I do indeed."

"No harm done," said Billie Brownie, laughing, while Mr. Giant put his fan away inside his cave.

"I've come," Billie Brownie continued, "to invite you to the swimming party of the Every-Day-Is-Nice club. And will you call on your powerful bangle and ask all the other members? It's to be this afternoon at the lake."

"Good," said Mr. Giant. "I've got a handsome new bathing suit, too."

"Mr. Giant called on the bangle; 'Come to the swimming party, come all, come all, Peter Gnome, president of the club, is giving a swimming party. Come to the lake.'"

"And how they all did come! They wasted no time, and many of them were there almost before they received the end of their invitations!"

"Such splashing and water fights as they had! Such swimming and diving races, such boat races where they all upset! Such water ball games and tilting of canoes, and all the wonderful water sports as they all did have!"

"And Mr. Giant, who could stand up in the water which was well above everyone else, let them all climb up on his shoulders and dive into the water."

"Witty Witch made one of the best dives of all, for she did a backward dive which was quite perfect, but how they all did laugh when they saw it, for she surprised them all. They had thought she was going to dive forward, but not a bit of it—she made the finest backward dive that was ever made. And they all felt cool and happy after the gay swimming party!"

Keep Your Temper.

Remember, that when you are right you can afford to keep your temper and when you are wrong you can't afford to lose it.—Anon.

WOMEN FARMING IN WESTERN CANADA

Success Has Followed All Their Efforts.

On the train from Edmonton to Winnipeg the writer took a seat beside a soldier who had returned from the front. On his breast he wore the beautiful distinguished service medal. One coat sleeve was armless, and on his left cheek he bore a scar that he would carry to his grave. He had served his country faithfully and well. At the first call for soldiers in August, 1914, he hastened to the recruiting office, leaving his 320-acre farm, with its crop ready for harvest, a full equipment of farm implements, plenty of horses, and a wife. The wife should not be last on the list for she proved the master of the situation, and loyally took hold of the question of production, while her husband was on his way to fight the Hun. And she succeeded. In 1915 she succeeded, and again in 1916, and when her husband returned in 1917 she was able to show some contemplated farm buildings completed, the indebtedness of the farm paid off, a considerable addition to the stock, and the land ready for a 1917 crop. This was the story told by the soldier, and wasn't he a proud man? He was now ready to do what he could to keep up the period of prosperity and provide food for the allies. The women of Canada have done really during the struggle.

Among the most successful farmers of the Oak Lake district, Manitoba, are the Misses Clara and Beatrice Forward, who, for the past fourteen years, have farmed their own land, doing all the regular work on the farm, such as plowing, sowing, summer following and reaping. They have been especially successful with stock, and have a splendid herd of shorthorns, both purebred and grade. At the recent Brandon sale they purchased a new purebred stock bull for \$100. Their herd was last year increased by 27 calves.

Miss H. M. Hillman is another successful woman farmer. She has gone to as intensively for grain growing, and farms 1,120 acres. She also owns some of the finest Friesian horses in Saskatchewan.

The prairie home boys of many women who have had more or less success, though few are farming on the same large scale as Miss Hillman and the Misses Forward. These women have demonstrated, and are still demonstrating, that a versatile woman may be just as good and successful a farmer as her brother.

There are other women, too, on the Canadian prairies, who, though they have not had through upon them the responsibilities of "running a farm," have been decided factors in making the farm a success. They assist their husbands by keeping the farm accounts, reducing the grower's bills by their management of the poultry and butter, taking care of the house, and very often proving good advisers in the economic management of the work and general conduct of the farm work. The man who moves to Canada carries with him a wonderful asset in a good managing wife.—Advertisement.

When the Soul is Hurt. The most terrible thing in the world is sin. A man is never hurt until his soul is hurt, and the only thing that can hurt his soul is sin.—Pinner.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Drop Freezone on a touchy corn, then lift that corn off with fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic! No humbug!



A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

What animals require, and what it is our duty to accord them, is plain elementary "Justice."—Jack London.

Stomach Troubles and Dyspepsia caused from drinking too much water or from sleeping with an open window should be checked instantly. Get a bottle of GRIFFIN'S BARK POWDER. It is a safe and sure remedy for Stomach Troubles. It is just as effective but adds no harm to the system.

Wings of riches may enable a man to fly from his poor relations.

CENSOR SCIENCE NEWS

Popular Articles Divulge Secrets to the Foe.

Even French Academy of Sciences Recently Gives Facts Useful to Enemy.

Paris—How popular science discussed in the daily and magazine press conveys information to the enemy and how even great national institutions like the French academy of sciences sometimes innocently divulge secrets which the enemy finds useful is told by a writer in La Liberté, who protests against the indiscriminate propagation of technical information. The writer comments on the fact that the academy of sciences has suggested that the censorship be rendered more effective by the addition of a few savants who will be able to recognize valuable scientific information when they see it.